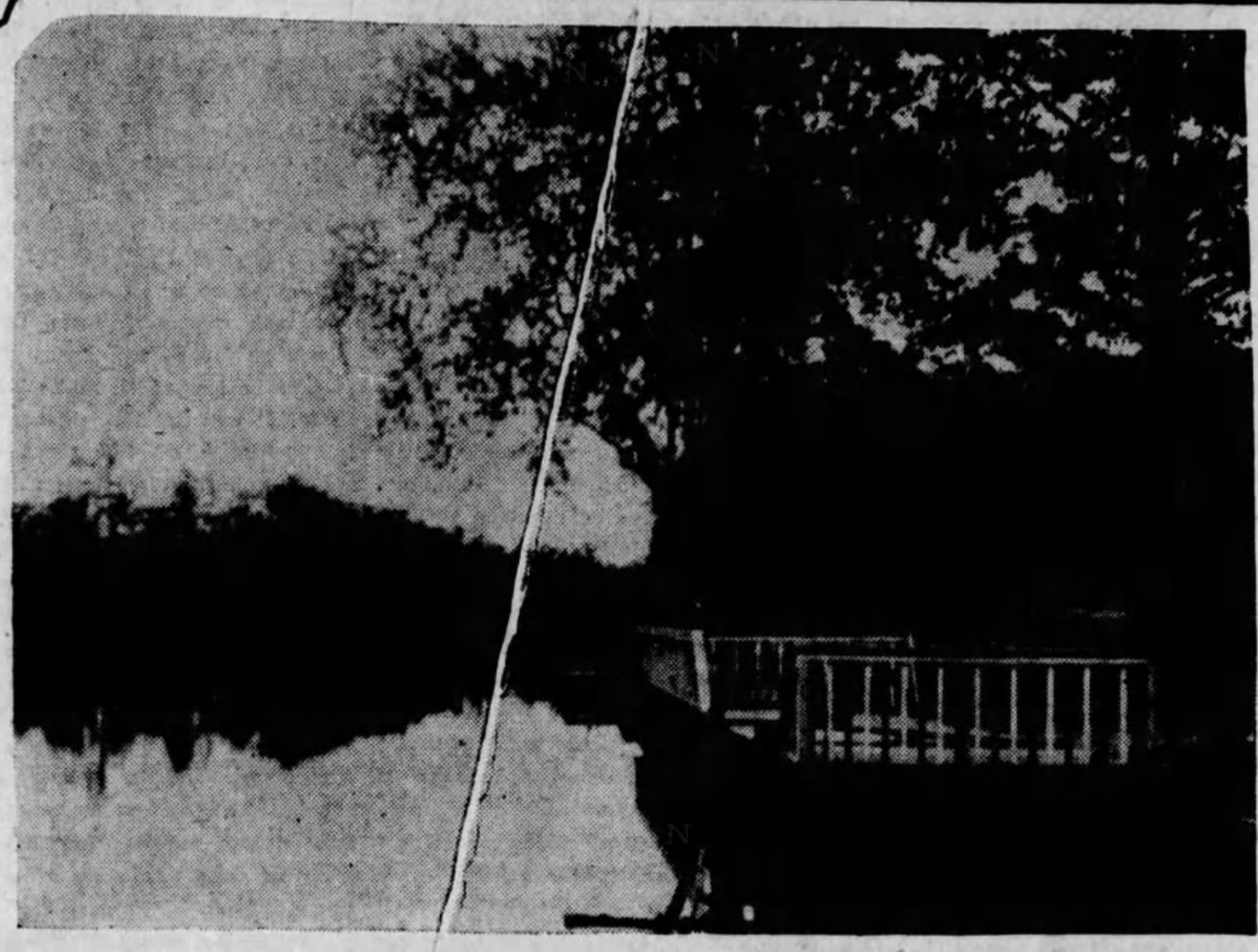


JERSEY PINES REFUGE FOR RUSSIANS

**Former Aristocrats Develop Cassville Tract
Seeking Only Livelihood, Peace and Happiness;
Anxious to Forget Horrors of Red Revolution**



Lake and Dock at Roova Farms



Convention Hall in Course of Construction at the Farm



Chester Fedor



Simeon George Elff



General Nicolai Fedoroff



Scene at Roova Farms on the Opening Day



Workmen Digging Well at Roova Farms



Constantine Shulakoff



Jacob Winslow

A subsistence homestead colony such as the Federal Department of Interior never dreamed of is in progress now in New Jersey. Undertaken without any Government aid or encouragement by men and women who have a passionate love of the land and are willing to make almost any sacrifice to have a little plot of their own somewhere out of the big cities, this particular back to the land movement has let its promise of success than many of these carefully planned by the Government. It centers around Lakewood and Cassville and spreads out into the nearby regions of Ocean and Monmouth Counties.

The new homesteaders are Russians, some of them members of the old aristocracy who fled their native land when the Reds came into power. The rest are men and women who came to America, the land of promise, many years before the World War brought the abdication of the Czar and the crash of the world's greatest autocracy.

Figuring prominently in the movement are generals, colonels and captains of the former Imperial Army, once wealthy industrialists under the old order; graduates of the Imperial universities and technical schools, emigrants from the land they loved and which they served with ardor and devotion in the days of the Czar. Their colleagues, of longer residence here, have sons and daughters who have entered the professions and the business world. But this second generation of Russians in America has never lost that love of the soil, the forests and streams that characterize people of their nationality.

Now at last their greatest desire—to go back to the land—is being fulfilled through the initiative of Roova, a fraternal beneficial insurance society, organized more than a quarter of a century ago by Russians then in the United States.

Community Project, But Not Copy of Soviet Plan

But their project is no copy of the Soviet system, is no attempt to found in New Jersey a Communist colony, although the agricultural program will be carried out, according to present plans on a cooperative basis. Machinery and seeds are to be purchased and produce sold by the united community, but the actual operation of the farms will be individual, each man tilling his own soil and raising the crops he prefers. The cooperative buying is simply a means of cutting down initial costs and the cooperative selling is to obtain greater returns. The latter is a plan that the State and Federal Governments, through their Departments

of Agriculture, have long advocated for the benefit of those who raise the food to feed the nation. The whole project became a possibility when Roova became financially strong enough to sponsor it. Roova, whose name is made up of the initial letters of the Russian words forming its title, meaning the Russian Consolidated Mutual Aid Society of America, is incorporated in New Jersey. But it has branches all over the United States, with approximately 5,000 active insured members and nearly 50,000 other members. It has undertaken the subsistence homestead project by the incorporation of Roova Farms (a shortened form of Roova) and the sale of 1,000 shares of stock to its members at \$10 a share. The farms will remain under the supervision of Roova, which retains 51 percent of the stock, the executive board acting as trustees for the time being. Land is being sold in parcels of from one to ten acres at \$30 per acre or more, depending on location.

For Americans, especially those city born and bred, it is difficult perhaps to understand the intense desire of these expatriated Russians to forsake the crowds, the lights, the movies, the glamor of the city and take up their homes in sparsely populated country. But it should never be forgotten that the Russian is always homesick for his pine forests, woodland streams, the birds and all wild life.

Roova in seeking a suitable colony site had inspected 58 farms, in New York, Pennsylvania, and adjacent States and even as far away as Arizona and Florida. Finally, last Aug-

ust a tract in New York, 120 miles from New York City, was agreed upon. It seemed to be the nearest to their ideals and requirements and the sale was about to be consummated. But the very night before, a message came to Roova from Chester Fedor, a captain of cavalry who had settled in Lakewood and found the pines, streams and lakes of that region reminiscent of old Russia, calling their attention to a possible tract in that vicinity. He advised that it be looked over before the New York farm was bought. Mention of the pine forests turned the trick and the anticipated purchase was postponed.

Presence of Pine Trees Sold Site at Cassville

Two days after receiving the communication, Roova sent a delegation to Lakewood to inspect the farm. It was the old VanHise place at Cassville. It contains 1,500 acres of woodlands and a lake that is fed by cedar streams. The houses on the place included what was for years the old Cassville Post Office and general store, a tenant house and one or two other dwellings. A mill that Antrim VanHise had once operated beside the lake is gone.

Early this May title was taken to the Lakewood tract. The Russian back to the land movement was immediately incorporated as Roova Farms. It is the plan of the organization to retain 500 acres and eventually to build upon it a home of 80 rooms or so for old people. The rest will be divided and sold to Roova members. The tract, it is estimated, will accommodate from 200 to 300

families, most of whom in years gone by were farmers. Already 45 families are settled there.

In celebration of the realization of an old dream, some 4,500 members of Roova made a pilgrimage some weeks ago to their Lakewood farm to see the place. A truly Russian celebration it was, with most of those present in their brilliantly colored native costumes, former soldiers who had been Cossacks, and there are many of them in and around Lakewood, wearing their striking uniforms and the women in their picturesque dresses. A Russian choir was there to sing the songs of the old homeland, and Russian dancers did folk dances and typical famous ballet numbers. Russian dishes and drinks were served, yet for all the crowd and the merriment there was absolutely no disorder, for these Russians are essentially a well behaved people.

Sixty seven bus loads of Russians came from New York, various parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania and other participants in the festivities came by train or motor from as far away as Ohio, Michigan, Chicago and one group from Los Angeles.

State Officials Attend Interesting Gathering

Mr. Fedor was master of ceremonies. Taking cognizance of this new addition to the population of Ocean and Monmouth Counties, State and township officials were on hand, among them Secretary of State Thomas L. Mathis, and Vice Chancellor Maja Berry.

Great progress has already been made in the homestead project. The colonists have appointed as director of the agricultural activities one of their own nationality, Constantine Shulakoff. He is an agricultural authority, graduated from the Imperial Agricultural College at Petrograd. After coming to America he entered Cornell University and was graduated from there with his Master of Science degree in agriculture. The Ocean County Demonstration Agent is also aiding the newly returned farmers, cooperating with Mr. Shulakoff.

Under this guidance and with their own knowledge of farming, the new settlers should have no difficulty in raising excellent crops. The soil in that section of the State is especially suitable for tomatoes, sweet potatoes, peppers, eggplants, lima and string

beans, strawberries, watermelons, cantaloupes, for peach growing and grape culture, while the swamplier areas are suitable for blueberry, blackberry and raspberry plantations.

Poultry raising is another occupation which may be engaged in successfully in this district.

The colonists, if Mr. Shulakoff's ideas are adopted, will not depend entirely upon agriculture for their livelihood. It is his intention to have small industries established. These will probably be barrel and basket making, toy making, wood carving, and handicrafts, the latter retaining as far as practicable the flavor of Russian art.

In making physical improvements to their property, the Russians have had the services of Lieutenant Simeon George Elff, a Cossack, born in 1886 on the River Don. In 1904 he was graduated from the Institute of Technology in Petrograd. In 1912-13 Mr. Elff was chief engineer on the building of a huge concrete grain elevator on the Volga.

At the outbreak of the World War in 1914, the young engineer volunteered for military duty, and was sent to the front. For gallantry there he was decorated by the Russian Government. Eventually he was so severely wounded as to require surgical treatment, and during his convalescence he was sent by the Government to South Russia.

The Minister of War under the Czar Nicholas in 1916 assigned Lieutenant Elff to Taganrog, South Russia, making him superintendent of the construction of barracks for 24,000 soldiers. He had 8,000 laborers on the job which was finished in five months.

After the first Russian Revolution, Lieutenant Elff with General Kaledin organized his people in the region of the River Don, hoping that they would establish their own Government and keep their own country free from the domination of the Reds. He was a minister in General Kaledin's Government. Later he helped General Alekseev, General Korniloff and General Kaledin to build the White Army around a nucleus of Cossacks. For three years this little army fought in vain, and its members lost all. Those who could fled to other countries. Lieutenant Elff to Constantinople where he lived for

two years before coming to the United States.

Colony Was Established By Military Aristocracy

Arriving in New Jersey friendless and without knowledge of the language, he made his way, becoming an engineer with New Jersey contractors working on bridge and road construction. Knowing his engineering ability, the Cassville colonists engaged him to build a dam on their property.

The entire settlement at Cassville and surrounding districts came into existence through Mr. Fedor. Long before he had ever heard of Roova or the desire of its members for a farm on which they could found a Russian colony, he had settled there and brought after him 50 or more other Russians and their families. Like Mr. Fedor most of these people were members of the military aristocracy of Imperial Russia, men who had been officers in the Czar's armies, men of culture and learning, graduates of the leading educational institutions of Russia and women who had been tenderly nurtured and once lived in luxury.

Some of the men were Cossacks, born and bred in the Cossack country by the Don and for generations privileged soldiers of the Czar.

Here in the open spaces of South Jersey, in the peace and quiet of the pine woods, these folks who after 1917 endured untold misery and suffering in Russia and escaped from their Red controlled country almost by miracle, ask only to be allowed to settle down in this their chosen spot, to forget the horrors of their last years in Russia, to forget Communism and its terrors, with which they have nothing in common and to live the lives of peaceful law-abiding citizens, tending their modest farms. Grateful for the hospitality offered them in America and the opportunity to spend their last years in peace, are such men as General Nicholas Fedoroff and Colonel Drachnik.

General Fedoroff was born 83 years ago in Pavlovsk, the son of a Hussar who was in the guard of the Czar Alexander II. In 1871 young Fedoroff graduated from the Military Academy in St. Petersburg, and was sent with his regiment to South Russia. He spent five years there and in 1876 was assigned to an ammunition fac-

tory at Tula, where 40,000 men were employed. He became head of the board of directors of this, the Emperor Peter the First factory in 1892. This plant, like all ammunition factories in Russia was Government owned.

General Fedoroff became a specialist in arms, and was the main organizer of the revolver and machine gun system used in Russia. In 1905 he was appointed Major General and in 1913 Lieutenant General. That same year he retired from the Army, only to be recalled at the outbreak of the World War.

In recognition of his arms knowledge, he was selected in 1916 to help organize ammunition factories in Russia. About that time the Russian Government gave a large order to the Westinghouse and Remington Companies of America for ammunition. At the suggestion of J. P. Morgan, General Fedoroff was sent to the United States to supervise the making of ammunition for Russian arms.

In 1918, after the fall of the Empire and the establishment of the Bolshevik Government, General Fedoroff returned to Russia, all unsuspecting of what he would find there.

Former Attorney General's Wife Still Held in Russia

"I did not find the real Russia," he explained recently. "Then I tried to return to America but all the gates were closed. For years I starved, trying many times to escape, but always without success. Finally in 1930 the Soviet Government gave me a permit to leave the country, and I came to the United States to join my son-in-law and daughter. Now I am spending my last years raising a few hundred chickens."

Already established in a cozy home on one of the woods roads near Cass-

ville is Vasily Sirotkin, who in former times had a ship building monopoly on the River Volga. One of his neighbors is Nicolai Volchanetzky who was the Attorney General of the Province of Charkov in Ukraine before the Revolution.

Life probably will never be any too happy for Mr. Volchanetzky unless by some unexpected chance the Soviet Government relents and permits his wife and two daughters to leave Russia and join him in America. The United States Government is perfectly willing that this family shall be reunited in this country and has granted him permission to bring his wife and daughters here. But the Soviet Government refuses to allow them to leave Russia.

Not even American recognition of the Soviet Government has made life much easier for those families divided by the Revolution and flight, and it is extremely unlikely that many of those still held in Russia will ever be able to leave their native country and rejoin loved ones who have found a refuge in this land.

Mr. Volchanetzky, who is 69 years old, lived through ghastly experiences after the Revolution. As a former minister of the Czar he was arrested and sentenced to be executed. But chance favored him and he escaped, coming eventually to the States and settling in Philadelphia. There his old hobby of floriculture came to his aid and he found employment as a gardener on one of the big estates on the Main Line. Today, on a tiny farm of his own, far away from the Reds and the terror and turmoil of a disturbed Europe, he is raising chickens.

Another colonist is Joseph Santleben, descendant of a group of Germans who in the days of Catherine the Great removed to Russia and set-

(Continued on Next Page)

TRENTON IN BYGONE DAYS

BY JOHN J. CLEARY

In listing the more prominent artist-painters whom Trenton has given to the country, I said last Sunday that there were probably others who escaped hasty memorizing. It was a saving clause because I have been reminded during the week of two men who belong on the roll of honor. One was Malcomb Stewart, son of the distinguished jurist John H. Stewart of Mercer County. One reason that he was overlooked a week ago is that while he was brought up in Trenton and was well known in the younger social set, he spent most of his mature life elsewhere, sometimes abroad. His talent as a painter was acknowledged but he was more or less of a Bohemian and loved to travel. He knew Paris and the Latin quarter well. Before the United States entered the World War, he had entered the service in the Canadian artillery. He survived hostilities and passed away later at Bar Harbor, Me.

Another artist who has made his mark and is still doing good work is Richard Blossom Farley, son of the late Professor D. H. Farley of the State Schools. He received his education at the Model School and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, where he was awarded a scholarship and studied abroad with the famous Whistler. He won prizes and medals and examples of his work hang in the Pennsylvania Academy and the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. A local trophy of his skill is a much admired mural for the State School auditorium. Portraits of former Mayor Donnelly and of Miss Sarah Y. Ely and Professor Austin Apper of the State Schools faculty also proclaim his high standing in the world of art.

All those who have been mentioned in the galaxy of Trenton artists are men. Perhaps a little research would bring to light some of the fair sex whose achievements with the brush, even in an amateur way, reflect credit on the old home town. Won't some of our ladies for the honor of the sex sum up what is to be said on this score?

Louis G. Beers of West State Street, who was for many years connected with the John A. Roebbling Sons Company in a responsible capacity, is taking life a trifle easier these days and has time to indulge in reminiscences of his active career and of the events of his youth spent in New England. An interesting recollection concerns his meeting with such towering figures as P. T. Barnum, the show king, and James M. Bailey, the famous Danbury Newsman. Bailey, it will be remembered by older readers, was one of the pioneers in humorous journalism. Although born in New York State he achieved his reputation in Connecticut after he founded the Danbury News, a weekly with a wide National circulation, whose jests and humorous articles kept the country on a broad grin for years. Many copies were sold in Trenton.

Mr. Beers was a native of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and ambitious at the age of 15, on the Danbury News to supply it with neighborhood news. This brought him into close contact with the editor who handed the youth's "copy" weekly and who kept it in journalistic shape. Mr. Beers recalls that he had personal knowledge of his chief's quick wit when one day he asked him for his autograph. The young people of the period had a hobby for keeping

autograph albums in which they treasured signed sentiments from friends. Beers handed Mr. Bailey his little book whose pages the latter turned over till he came to the last and there hastily penned:

"Yours to the end, James Montgomery Bailey."

"Not so bad for an instantaneous performance," remarked Mr. Beers as he related the incident on his front porch a few days ago.

My chat with Mr. Beers reminded me of a pleasant call which he, William J. Beers and I made upon the late Colonel Henry D. Paxson at his delightful country place on the old York Road, some miles out of New Hope, Pa., a couple of years ago. Colonel Paxson had made deep researches in Bucks County history, had much to do with the development of its revolutionary shrines and incidentally was the possessor of thousands of souvenirs and relics of an earlier day, some of them dating back to the time when the red man roamed through what is now the white man's country. One of the highly prized treasures in his collection was a well-preserved specimen of a Conestoga wagon which was said to have carried a family of American pioneers to the distant West in the early 50's. The Colonel told us that Henry Ford, after he became enamored of antiques, visited the Paxson place and was particularly taken with the Conestoga wagon. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said in a burst of enthusiasm, "I'll trade you a new Lincoln motor car for that old wagon."

Since Lincoln cars at the time were selling for four to five thousand dollars, the offer seemed a generous one, but the Colonel proved his admiration for his antique by declining the bait.

And now comes the very curious sequel. The Colonel died last year and his splendid collection was auctioned off through a week of daily sales. I have been told that the fine old Conestoga wagon went to a dealer for \$100.

Money must be scarce among relic hunters in Bucks County just now.

Dr. William A. Clark who last week gave me the poignant story about the well known dinner which he and I were given at the Higbee home, predecessor of the Washington A. Roebbling house, has much of interest about other of the prominent people who were Trenton's streets when many of us were still at grammar school. Of these none holds a warmer spot in public esteem than Dr. James B. Coleman who passed away about 1879 after forty years of ministration to Trenton's sick. He was famous as a surgeon in an era when good surgeons were scarce and when the art was practiced under difficulties unknown today. But Dr. Coleman was more than a physician. He shone in various relations of life and added vastly to local culture and was a factor of the utmost usefulness in the community. Despite his extensive practice, he found time to do some fine painting, to write much for the periodicals of the day, both professional and secular, and delivered occasional lectures. Dr. Clark contributes some insights that I am glad to pass on to Times-Advertiser readers.

"Dr. Coleman," said Dr. Clark, "was a familiar figure on the street and at all the first-class dramatic performances which were shown at old Taylor Opera House. His daughter Inez, by the way, possessed histrionic talent and was usually in the cast of the worth-while amateur productions, tableaux, etc., which were a feature of town life in those far-off days. Dr. Coleman was conspicuous by a black cape—sometimes called a mantle cape—which he wore in lieu of an overcoat, and of which he was accustomed to throw over his left shoulder with his right hand."

Most Popular Books at Library in Past Week

The eight most popular books at the Trenton Free Public Library last week were:

"Unfinished Cathedral," by T. S. Stripling; "Private Worlds," Phyllis Bottome; "Within This Present," Margaret A. Barnes; "James Shore's Daughter," Stephen Vincent Benet; "White Rivers Run," Alexander Woolcott; "Nijinsky," by Ramona Nijinsky; "The Coming American Revolution," C. H. Soule, and "The Economy of Abundance," by Stuart Chase.

holding it in place. He usually wore a large soft black hat. He had bushy iron-gray hair and walked with what is known as a scholarly stoop. He wore no whiskers. While his face was ordinarily serious, it became quite animated in conversation and there was a twinkle in his eye which revealed a sense of humor.

Dr. Coleman drove about in an old-fashioned two-wheeled chaise drawn by a grey horse that the whole town knew as Josh. When Josh died, one of the local newspapers—I think the Gazette—gave him an editorial obituary notice.

There were pleasant anecdotes about this busy physician even when he was alive which tickled the risibilities of his acquaintances and for several of which Dr. William W. L. Phillips, who was one of the residents in his office on South Warren Street, was responsible. One was to the effect that having had several calls in the Pines and being of an inventive turn of mind, he contrived a carriage with only one wheel—and that located midway under the body of the vehicle—in order to get through the narrow passageways. On the first trip, however, the chaise tipped over and spilled the dignified man of medicine in the bushes.

Worse than that, he broke a collar bone and had to be carried to the nearest farm house.

"Whether this was literally true or not," added Dr. Clark, "it is a fact that once in the midst of the gunning season, when called for consultation at Bordentown, he took his two setters along and gunned both ways. He was never in a hurry whatever he did. Those dogs accompanied him always whether driving or afoot. One was a crack shot and on his expeditions for game he was often accompanied by Mercer Beesley (afterwards Chief Justice) who was his brother-in-law and also loved a day in the woods. They were both particularly fond of quail. His sporting proclivities often took him to Allen's gun store, an East Hanover Street landmark in by-gone days. He was also an occasional evening visitor at the State Gazette editorial rooms where he liked to get first hand information on the news. Of course, he was a frequenter of Dr. James's drug store on Warren Street where a choice group assembled after the day's work was done."

"But above all things," remarked Dr. Clark, "he was a real surgeon and it was said that he had performed every operation on the human body that was known in his day. Anesthetics were rather new at the time and he was more afraid of using them than of using the knife. Dr. Coleman had a love of mechanics and with a lathe fitted up in his home he turned out many ornaments in brass and other metals. He was a genius in intellect and manual skill."

Just a word about Mrs. Coleman, who was a sister of Chief Justice Beesley. It was her practice to ride about with the doctor when he made his daily rounds among his patients. He said that she was gifted too and wrote poetry in his large roomy chaise while awaiting his return from calls on the sick. But she always had time for a smile and a pleasant word for passers-by.

Truly a remarkable couple who deserve to be remembered by succeeding generations in the town which they honored through long useful lives.

A marble bust of Dr. Coleman ornaments one of the lobbies of Mercer Hospital.

I think the readers of this department will be pleased to hear that Warren G. Donaldson, Sr., is in greatly improved health. Mr. Donaldson was for several years a contributor of entertaining sketches dealing with Trenton's past, but was taken ill about a year ago. I called upon him last week and was gratified to find him in good cheer and still full of enthusiasm for the old town. He has been in the active member of the Mayor's Citizens Committee which arranged for Fourth of July, Halloween and other celebrations. His restoration to perfect health will be warmly welcomed.

Dr. Edward Kolar, M. D., said: "Oursine helped cure I had given up hope. A truly remarkable scientific remedy."

No matter how severe your deafness or hearing, a few drops of Oursine in each ear are guaranteed to help you.

R. P. Maxwell, Deputy Sheriff, says: "Have just finished my first bottle, glad to state I can now hear my watch tick. Today was the first time I heard the church bell ring in two years."—Stop worrying, use Oursine. 800,000 people have enjoyed prompt relief.

DRUG HARBOURTS STORES

Books and Authors

Literary Reviews and Personal Gossip

Doctors Nearly Become Patients

A fifth large printing of Phyllis Bottome's "Private Worlds" indicates that there is nothing eventless about the popularity of the now-familiar novel. It made its appearance last Spring and, as the product of a brilliant, sophisticated writer, it immediately commanded attention. As time passed it constantly gained ground here and its fame has traveled to London, with the result that John Lane is about to publish an edition for English readers this month.

The theme of "Private Worlds" is highly original, presenting a sketch of life in a hospital for the mentally afflicted but dealing more particularly with a group of doctors who come near to disaster while treating their patients. A Southern paper has dared suggest that Miss Bottome was as passionately devoted to alienists and psychiatrists as Edmund Lester Pearson to murderers.

Miss Bottome started novel writing in London at 17 and won her first success in this country with "The Dark Tower." Her continuing interest in people, and she has studied them in six different countries. A rich cosmopolitan outlook clothes her books with breadth and scope. (Houghton-Mifflin Co.; \$2.50).

Lamb in His Bosom

Harper & Brothers report that "Lamb in His Bosom," by Caroline Miller, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author, has sold more than 250,000 copies since its publication in 1928, and is now heading the best seller list for weeks.

Romance of a Virginia Girl

"Pedigree of Honey," the latest novel by Barbara Webb, recently reissued by the publisher, is the romance of a Virginia girl who refused to play the role of Cinderella until it was all but forced upon her. Christine came into the world, officially, as a baby left in a basket on the doorstep of Gilead Grant, an irascible old gentleman who, when called for writing, she grows up with only a "pedigree of honey" to fall in love with the son of an aristocratic Virginia family. The story has a rich background in the blue hills of the Shenandoah Valley.

Barbara Webb, whose first novel, "Three Who Were Strong," was popularly received, was a teacher in the Florida backwoods, a reporter for Ohio newspapers and an author of the book, before she turned to writing. Inspired by a chance visit to Virginia. (Doubleday, Doran Company; \$2).

Why He Didn't Want an "Ice"

"Corpses in Cold Storage" has an arresting title which is justified by the facts as revealed in Milward Kennedy's exciting story. Sir George and Lady Bull, guests of the wealthy American, Peter Shayler, on board his yacht, Esmeralda, find themselves in the center of a singular mystery when, while walking ashore, they happen on the gruesome find indicated. The corpse in the locker of an ice cream van is recognized as that of Paul Charleston, a man of means who had been instrumental in driving Peter Shayler into politics.

Police experts unearth several clues but the search for the alibi is assisted by Sir George and Lady Bull, who of themselves become interesting figures in the drama. Of the two, Lady Bull is the more clever, but she is limited out of the mystery "have an ice," she answers with a shudder. (H. C. Kinsey & Company; \$2).

Author of the "Native's Return"

Louis Adamic is completing his plans to "discover America." Within the next year he intends to travel 20,000 miles, more or less, in addition to the 7,000 he already has behind so far this year. He will visit every State, most cities and many small towns and villages and farm regions, get in contact with all sorts of people, then do a book about the United States, a full-length portrait of "The Native's Return," a volume to "The Native's Return" continues as a best seller.

Sabatini in Napoleonic Era

Clinging fast to his bent for historical romance, Rafael Sabatini produces still another book that is a very recent addition to his already long list of popular novels. In "The Venetian Masque" we are taken back to a time in the Napoleonic era when intrigue and swordplay were as indispensable as horses and courage. Mr. Sabatini, a master in the technique of making history read like fiction and vice versa, has infused into the English-written book a sort of breathless adventure that makes the average detective story the weak and watery thing that it usually is.

The book opens with an unusual venture in Turin whereupon a noted emissary of the British Government gains confidential papers of a trusted servant of the French Republic and then makes off for Venice, there to put them to good use. One may very well see how doubly valuable this fellow would be to Britain. The twists and turns of the novel, only this author can spell out so well, are softened a little with a nice love affair. Moreover, there is plenty of history to liven even the most avid historian from his authentic tomes. Such a combination cannot be altogether wrong. As a matter of fact it is a book of the hour, the work of Sabatini, now light, now heavy with intrigue, but at all times rushing forward to a climax that restores all things to their rightful order. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.; \$2.50).

Intolerance, Bigotry Challenged

Of late there has been an abrupt swing in the direction of a prole-tarian literature, hardly less bitter in its social outlook than the writings which emanated from Czarist Russia, to eclipse any previous attempts at realism in story-telling. It was inevitable that German Nazism, particularly as it revived a dying anti-Semitism, should have repercussions in the United States, where both the Teutonic and Hebrew races are well represented. What would be the effect? Edward Dahlberg has answered. "Those Who Perish," a timely and penetrating novel, has given the first answer. His book is a professional of tortured lives.

The types he depicts can be found in any major city. Outwardly poised, men and women of affairs, they are inwardly torn by the doubts and fears that have come to them as they have a heritage from countless generations of frustration, bewilderment and relentless persecution. Mr. Dahlberg splashes his vivid colors like a mural painter, wielding a huge brush until they stand forth as the lights and



Phyllis Bottome
Her "Private Worlds" is now in its fifth printing. (Houghton-Mifflin).

shadows of a proud, brilliant, intellectual race, seemingly doomed to be forever atoned in some quarter of the globe.

Barheaded writing from beginning to end is "Those Who Perish," a searing document wherein the lives of two men and women are dissected with clinical attention to detail. Its appearance will make tongues wag furiously; it will be praised extravagantly and as hotly condemned. It is a first-rate contribution to the shelf of controversial fiction likely to endure the winter just ahead. No since the Irish Revolution brought forth its crop of fiery and impassioned novels has so explosive a topic been encountered as Mr. Dahlberg has tossed into our midst, as a challenge to intolerance and bigotry. (The John Day Company; \$2).

Love Story with New Wrinkles

It's just one story after another, with Kathleen Norris. It takes a whole printed page merely to list what she has written previous to "Maiden Voyage," which made its appearance last week. Mrs. Norris's work is not alone marked by facility of utterance, but by its felicity as well. They are all intensely human stories bringing out commonplace facts familiar in life but presented with a charm that covers the writer's art. "The Fun of Being a Mother," for instance, is one title and "Mother and Son" is another. "My Best Girl," "The Callahan and the Murphys" and "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby" are others. That's the type—a type of universal appeal.

"Maiden Voyage" introduces us to Tony Tait, girl reporter on a San Francisco newspaper and an expert in gathering local news. But the clouds grow dark when she finds herself unexpectedly in love with Larry Bellamy, husband of her dearest friend. And Larry falls for the sprightly, good-looking young reporter. How the awkward situation works out, constitutes the story. Suffice it to say that it is a somewhat daring plot for Mrs. Norris to handle, all turns out well before the curtain falls. (Doubleday-Doran; \$2).

New Modern Library Issues

Six additions to the regular series of the Modern Library books will be made during the coming Autumn and Winter and also three titles to the "Giant" series. The first series will be "The Great Gatsby" by F. Scott Fitzgerald, with a new introduction by the author; "The Theory of the Leisure Class," with a foreword by Stuart Chase; "Porgy," by Dr. B. C. Hewitt; "Manservant," by Louis Hemphill; a new edition of Virgil in the J. W. Mackail translation, and "An Anthology of Light Verse," compiled specially for this series by Louis Kronenberger. The three new Modern Library Giants will be an English translation of "Don Quixote," "Look Homeward Angel," Thomas Wolfe's novel of the New South, and "The Idylls of the King," a new edition of the chronicle of the immigrant tribes which began in "Indian Removal" and continued in "Advancing the Frontier."

Fishing in Dinner Clothes

It is well known that Rafael Sabatini, whose new novel, "Venetian Masque," has just made its appearance on the Houghton Mifflin list, is one of the most practiced salmon fishermen of which Great Britain can boast. It is not so well known, however, that he can go out for dinner and catch enough trout for breakfast, at the same time preserving the immaculateness of his dinner clothes. This fact can be vouched for by Dale Warren, who has just returned from a trip with Mr. Sabatini at his new home in the Wye district of Herefordshire.

Introduction by Henry van Dyke

George Parker Holden's "The Idyll of the Split-Bamboo" (Appleton-Century), is one of the most delightful volumes available on angling, and each season, when the fish are biting, it finds many sympathetic readers. In the new printing which has just come off the press, an introduction by Henry van Dyke has been added which makes the book one of even greater interest than heretofore.

Art Masterpieces at Chicago

Last year C. J. Bulliet compiled a number of critical comments on art masterpieces exhibited in the Chicago Fair, used photographs of the famed paintings as illustrations and bound the collection in yellow boards.

Success was not far off. In a remarkably short time many books were sold. It seemed that the public liked the informal manner with which he tersely described the masterpieces, admired his breezy style and applauded his courage to poke a little fun at the very old masters. Now he has issued another collection which includes some of the greatest masterpieces of the 1934

VERSES

MOONLIGHT ON BARNEGAT BAY

You may boast the charm of Italian skies
Where the gondolier sings his musical lay—
You may laud the story of an Orient
But for me a moonlight on Barnegat Bay.

In your trim little craft with your
sweethair by your side,
Glide to sleep both so happy and gay,<
Trimming your sail to the breeze and the
Sailing in the moonlight on Barnegat Bay.

Sailing away in the silvery moonlight,
Whispering the words you both so
long to say,
Even Nature seems to share your true
delight.

Sailing in the moonlight on Barnegat Bay
With hands softly clasped as you nestle
Pleasuring your love will never go
astray.

With a kiss and a smile you happily
decide,
Love is sweet in the moonlight on
Barnegat Bay.

—Fred A. Lucas, Harvey Cedars,
Sept. 1, 1934.

THE HEARTSTONE

When the loss is burning free,
Then the fire is full of life;
When the heart is full of best,
Then the talk is full of zest;
Light your love with love and cheer,
Life was made for love and cheer.

—Henry van Dyke.

Chicago Fair. He has followed the same style and format, although there are not as many pictures or criticisms as in the 1933 book. The publishers intend, however, to issue volume two of the 1934 series, which should make it the equal of last year's offering.

Mr. Bulliet needs no introduction in the art world. He is the author of "Apples and Apples," and is a noted critic on anything and everything to art. Through this series he has enabled the laymen to enjoy a brief insight into affairs of the art world, and, although it will not begin to tear down the wall of indifference that separates art and the general public, it will help a lot in educating scoffers and would-be hooligans. (Sterling North, Chicago; 75 cents).

Still Interests Many

After twenty-two months as a leading best-seller, Professor Walter B. Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty" (Whitely House), during the past seven weeks has sold an average of 850 copies a week.

Making War on the Mink

David Pugh, of Lawrence, Kansas, a hunter of long experience, has written "Mink Poison" as a trapping story and a novelette. Its chief purpose is to encourage the killing off of the mink, that persistent killer, whose vicious record besides the destruction of fish, birds and game, sometimes includes a hundred muskrats a season. The author takes the reader along with him on a season's trip in the Ozark Mountains. It is a fascinating journey into wild country where man's wit and skill are matched against the keen instincts of a ruthless animal. (Meador Publishing Company, Boston; \$1).

Joseph C. Lincoln's New Novel

Joseph C. Lincoln, who in the summer lives at Chatham, along the sandy shores of Cape Cod, has just paid a visit to New Bedford, with its many traditions of ships and fishermen. Just such a salty atmosphere pervades Mr. Lincoln's new novel, "The Peel Trail," which the author found time to photograph for numerous admirers in the bookstore of H. S. Hutchinson & Company.

Has Hollywood Laughing

All Hollywood is chuckling over "The Laughing Journey" (John Day), according to recent reports from the film capital. Pay Way, Frank Morgan, Conrad Nagel, Erin O'Brien-Moore and Max Carls are among the many who have been seen reading Thomas Lennon's first novel while on location.

Sept. 11—Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows

New Jersey dedicated the new main building at Odd Fellows' Home, Pennington an Parkway Avenues.

Sept. 12—Through the efforts of Colonel E. C. Stahl of Trenton, a badge of the Drake Zouaves was returned to its owner, Major William H. Sells, treasurer of the United States Customs House at San Francisco, who had lost it during the earthquake. It had fallen into Colonel Stahl's possession and he traced its ownership.

Sept. 13—Sister Mary Monica, first member of the Sisters of Charity to locate in Trenton, died at Madison, N. J. She had come to this city in early 60's at the invitation of the Very Rev. Anthony Smith.

Sept. 14—Counselor Edward L. Katzenbach was chosen by the Democratic County Committee as the party's choice for Mercer County surrogate. The Assembly candidates, as announced by Chairman Erwin E. Marshall, were to be Attorney Joseph L. Bodine and Allan B. Walsh, of Trenton, and Richard Rowland, of Princeton.

Sept. 15—Drawings were made in the city tennis tournament by a committee consisting of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Oliphant and Ballard Brownlee McAvoy at the Oliphant residence, "Top O' the Hill," Morris Heights.

Rains Saved Texas Bees

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Sept. 8 (U.P.)—Recent rains that broke the drought here also saved the lives of thousands of bees. Showers brought out 38 varieties of blossoming shrubs that insured a future supply of honey.

Former Russian Aristocrats

Developing Cassville Farm Colony; Seek to Forget Past

(Continued from Preceding Page)

led them. Before the war, he was wealthy and famous all over Russia, as the miter of the finest samovars. His home and factories were in Tula. On his arrival in America he was for some time associated with his famous compatriot, Gligorsky, in the latter's airplane factory in Bridgeport, Conn. Now he is living with his wife and her father, the aged General Fedoroff, on a small farm.

Baron Who Owned Vodka Plants Colony Resident

Among the settlers are Baron and Baroness Boulstzel, the former a seven-foot cavalry officer of the Imperial Army, whose home was in South Russia near the Crimea. He was once the owner of a 30,000-acre estate there and of large vodka factories. By profession a soldier, his characteristic Russian versatility is making him a success in the more peaceful pursuits of chicken raising.

Baroness Boulstzel, like most Russian women of the old aristocracy, is a beautiful needlewoman, with a flair for costume designing. She is a modiste in New York City, adding thus to the family income.

Farming and poultry raising are the occupations of Captain Vasily Yousitzin, graduate of a military academy in Crimea and before the Revolution a cavalry officer. In his Crimean home he formerly owned thousands of acres, a heritage from his father, who in years gone by, bred the finest of blooded horses.

Vladimir Grekoff was once a teacher in Kazan, also serving in the World War. After the Revolution, he was in the White Army with General Denikin, fighting against the Reds. He still bears the scars sustained in that unavailing struggle.

Fedor Walked 700 Miles After Escape from Prison

For 18 months during the World War, Mr. Fedor was a captain of cavalry in the Russian Army. After the collapse of the Empire and the abdication of the Czar, Captain Fedor held a portfolio in the Kerenky Government. When Kerenky fell, he was arrested by the Bolsheviks and spent six months in a concentration camp near Volozda.

By careful plotting, Captain Fedor

escaped and walked nearly 700 miles to Petrograd and from there worked his way by gradual stages to Poland and Finland. In 1920 he came to America. An artist and woodcarver of much more than ordinary ability, he managed to earn a living in New York City by his brush and knife, and also by his lectures. Later he moved to Newark, where he met and became engaged to an American girl of Polish descent.

One day, curious to see Atlantic City, Captain Fedor drove down from Newark, taking the road that led through Lakewood and Toms River. As he entered the pine belt he was thrilled. Here was something he had not seen before in America, pine woods as far as eye could see. Instantly he longed to make his home there. It was not long before he was in possession of 137 acres of unspoiled countryside. In the center of it he pitched a tent and lived like a woodsman for months until he had cleared enough of the land to make a site for a home and garden.

As a means of livelihood, he turned to turkey raising, surely not the easiest field of the poultry business for an amateur. But his success was astonishing, and in a comparatively short time he was winning prizes and other awards for his birds, breeding stock that were bringing \$60 and \$70 each.

Success too easily attained caused him to lose interest in his turkeys and he began growing grapes, for which his land was well suited. This, too, proved to be a profitable venture, and at present he is dividing his agricultural interests between grapes and roses.

Ninety percent of the colonists who came here years ago and are intending to make their homes at Cassville are already American citizens, and most of the recent emigre have applied for first papers. Those longest resident in the country speak English, as do all their children educated in American schools. Along with their new citizenship, these Russians have shed old political loyalties, determined henceforth to be only grateful, law-abiding and peaceful citizens in the nation that has given them a new home and a new start in life.

TIPS ON CONTRACT BRIDGE

Keep An Exit Card

PLAYERS who know how to make real squeezes succeed with many pseudo squeezes. In the real squeeze an adversary is unable to protect honors in more than one suit when the declarer runs a long string of which the adversary has none. In a pseudo squeeze the adversary discards incorrectly.

In all squeezes the declarer usually is one trick short of the goal sought and the idea is to develop that trick by making a low card win when it would not do so if the adversaries were not compelled to discard. If a trick or tricks are to be lost they must be lost before the squeezing begins unless the squeeze also involves an end play. In that case the loss must be taken to ward the end of the hand.

Exit Card Needed

The defense to any end play is to keep an exit card, a means of getting out of one's hand in a method not favorable to the declarer, a card that will not be a lead up to a tenace.

The necessity of an exit card is shown by a pseudo squeeze worked by Earl A. Heacock at Lake George, N. Y.:

(DEALER) NORTH
4 4 2
10 3
A Q J 10
A K Q J 5
WEST
K 6 6
Q 9
9 7 4
10 4 3 2
SOUTH
A 10 3
A J 10
K 5 2
8 6

With East and West passing the bidding went: North one club; South one spade; North two diamonds; South two no trump; North four no trump and South six no trump.

After West's opening of the heart queen, Heacock, sitting South, could count reasonably upon five tricks in clubs, four in diamonds, one in spades and one in hearts, one trick short of the contract. Naturally to take two spade finesses in the hope that the missing honors were held one by each adversary would be futile since a heart would be returned and the contract set forthwith. The only possibility left was an end play squeeze. If there should be no real squeeze the enemy could be given a chance to err.

West's Mistake

Taking the first trick with the ace of hearts, the declarer played out all the diamonds and all the clubs. East had to find four discards and West two. East shed four spades. West, therefore, felt obliged

gated to protect spades, and discarded two hearts.

On the eleventh trick, with the ten of hearts and two low spades left in the north or dummy, and the ace, jack and ten of spades in the south, a low spade was led. East had to play his singleton queen. The trick was taken by the ace. A second spade was won by West's king and he had nothing left to lead but the eight spot, which was won by South to fulfill the contract.

West should have kept a heart as an exit card should he could hope to win only the king of spades. If South had the king of hearts he would have played it before applying the squeeze in diamonds and clubs.

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